Ho

CANADIAN : SERIES : OF : BOOKLETS

How Canada was Saved

BY

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Montreal

THE COPP, CLARK COMPANY, Limited, TORONTO

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With the Compliments of the Season

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To .....

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How : Canada : was : Saved

(TIME : MAY, 1660)

"The glory must here be given to those seventeen Frenchmen of Montreal, and their ashes must be honored with praise which is justly their due, and which we cannot refuse them without ingratitude. Had they not perished all was lost, and their misfortune has saved this country."—Relations des Jesuites. Relation, 1660, p. 17.

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Beside the dark [1] Utāwas' stream, two hundred years ago,
A wondrous feat of arms was wrought, which all the world should know;
'Tis hard to read with tearless eyes that record of the past—
It stirs the blood, and fires the soul, as with a clarion's blast,
What though no blazoned cenotaph, no sculptured columns tell
Where the stern heroes of my song, in death triumphant, fell;
What though beside the foaming flood untombed their ashes lie—
All earth [2] becomes the monument of men who nobly die!

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A score of troublous years had passed, since on Mount Royal crest
The gallant Maisonneuve upreared the Cross devoutly bless'd,[3]
And many of the saintly Guild that founded Ville-Marie
With patriot pride had fought and died—determined to be free.
Fiercely the Iroquois had sworn to sweep, like grains of sand,[4]
The Sons of France from off the face of their adopted land.
When, like the steel that oft disarms the lightning of its power,
A fearless few their country saved in danger's darkest hour.

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lac, the Captain of the Fort—in manhood's fiery prime—
th sworn by some immortal deed to make his name sublime,
sixteen 'Soldiers of the Cross,' his comrades true and tried,
pledged their faith for life and death—all kneeling side
by side:
this their oath—on flood or field, to challenge face to face
ruthless hordes of Iroquois, the scourgers of their race—
quarter to accept or grant—and, loyal to the grave,
die, like martyrs, for the land they shed their blood to save.

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Shrived by the Priest, within the Church where oft they had adored,
With solemn fervour they partake the Supper of the Lord;
And now those self-devoted youths from weeping friends have passed,
And on the Fort of Ville-Marie each fondly looks his last.
Unskilled to steer the frail canoe, or stem the rushing tide,
On through a virgin wilderness, o'er stream and lake they glide,
Till, weary of the paddle's dip, they moor their barques below
A rapid of Utāwas' flood—the turbulent Long Sault.[6]

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re where a grove of gloomy pines sloped gently to the shore,
moss-green palisade was seen—a Fort in days of yore—
ced by its circle they encamped, and on the listening air,
re those staunch Crusaders slept, arose the voice of prayer.
try and scout kept watch and ward; and soon, with glad surprise,
y welcomed to their roofless hold a band of dark allies—
stalwart chiefs and forty 'braves'—all sworn to strike a
blow
one great battle for their lives against the common foe.

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t was the breath of balmy spring in that fair month of May.
wild flower bloomed—the wild bird sang on many a budding
spray—
tender blue was in the sky, on earth a tender green,
d Peace seemed brooding, like a dove, o'er all the sylvan scene;
en, loud and high, a thrilling cry dispelled the magic charm,
d scouts came hurrying from the woods to bid their comrades arm,
bark canoes skimmed lightly down the torrent of the Sault,
ined by three hundred dusky forms—the long-expected foe.

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They spring to land—a wilder brood hath ne'er appalled the sight—

With carbines, tomahawks, and knives that gleam with baleful light;

Dark plumes of eagles crest their chiefs, and broidered deerskins hide

The blood-red war-paint that shall soon a bloodier red be dyed.

Hark! to the death-song that they chant—behold them as they bound,

With flashing eyes and vaunting tongues, defiantly around—

Then, swifter than the wind they fly the barrier to invest,

Like hornet-swarms that heedless boys have started from a nest.

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s Ocean's tempest-driven waves dash forward on a rock,
nd madly break in seething foam, hurl'd backward by the shock,
o onward dashed that surging throng, so, backward were they
hurl'd,
When, from the loopholes of the Fort, flame burst, and vapor curl'd.
Each bullet aimed by bold Daulac went crashing through the brain,
r pierced the bounding heart of one who never stirred again—
he trampled turf was drenched with blood—blood stained the
passing wave—
t seemed a carnival of death, the harvest of the grave.

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The sun went down—the fight was o'er—but sleep was not for those
Who, pent within that frail redoubt, sighed vainly for repose;
The shot that hissed above their heads—the Mohawk's taunting cries—
Warned them that never more on earth must slumber seal their eyes.
In that same hour their swart allies, o'erwhelmed by craven dread,*
Leaped o'er the parapet like deer, and traitorously fled;
And, when the darkness of the night had vanished, like a ghost,
Twenty and two were left—of all—to brave a maddened host.

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Foiled for a time, the subtle foes have summoned to their aid
Five hundred kinsmen from the Isles, to storm the Palisade;
And, panting for revenge, they speed, impatient for the fray,
Like birds of carnage from their homes allured by scent of prey.
With scalp-locks streaming in the breeze, they charge—but
never yet
Have legions in the storm of fight a bloodier welcome met
Than those doomed warriors, as they faced the desolating breath
Of red-mouthed musketoons that poured hot cataracts of death.[10]

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Eight days of varied horror passed: what boots it now to tell
How the pale tenants of the Fort heroically fell?
Hunger and thirst and sleeplessness—Death's ghastly aids—
at length
Marred and defaced their comely forms, and quelled their giant
strength.
The end draws nigh—they yearn to die—one glorious rally more
For the dear sake of Ville-Marie. and all will soon be o'er—
Sure of the Martyr's golden Crown, they shrink not from the Cross,
Life yielded for the land they love they scorn to reckon loss!

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The Fort is fired—and through the flames with slippery, splashing tread
The Redmen stumble to the camp o'er ramparts of the dead.[11]
There with set teeth and nostril wide, Daulac, the dauntless, stood
And dealt his foes remorseless blows 'mid blinding smoke and blood,
Till, hacked and hewn, he reeled to earth, with proud unconquered glance,
Dead—but immortalized by death—Leonidas of France!
True to their oath, his comrade knights no quarter basely craved—
So died the peerless Twenty-two—so Canada was saved![12]

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Notes : and : Illustrations.

(1) The Indian word "Utāwas" is here used, as being more correct, and at the same time more sonorous, than the name Ottawa. So Moore in his "Canadian Boat-song, written on the River St. Lawrence:"—

"Utāwas' tide! the trembling moon,
Shall see us float o'er thy surges soon."

(2) "Of illustrious men all earth is the sepulchre."—Thucydides, book ii., chap. xliii.

(3) "A large cross was made, and solemnly blessed by the Priest. The commandant (Maisonneuve), who with all the ceremonies of the Church had been declared First Soldier of the Cross, walked behind the rest, bearing on his shoulder a cross so heavy that it needed his utmost strength to climb the steep and rugged path. They planted it on the highest crest, and all knelt in adoration before it."—Parkman's *Jesuits in North America*, p. 263.

(4) The Iroquois boasted that they would wipe the French from the face of the earth, and carry the "white girls," meaning the Nuns, "to their villages." Parkman's *Jesuits in North America*, p. 241. See also the passage from Dollier de Casson, quoted in note (9).

(5) "Adam Daulac or Dollard, Sieur des Ormeaux, was a young man of good family, who had come to the Colony three years before, at the age of twenty-two. It was said that he had been involved in some affair which made him anxious to wipe out the memory of the past by a noteworthy exploit; and he had been busy for some time among the young men of Montreal inviting them to join him in the enterprise he meditated. Sixteen of them caught his spirit, struck hands with him, and pledged their word. They bound themselves by oath to accept no quarter; and having gained Maisonneuve's consent, they made their wills, confessed and received the sacraments."—Parkman's *Old Régime in Canada*, p. 73. See also p. 143 *Histoire de Montréal* par M. Dollier de Casson, whom Parkman has closely followed in his narrative of "The Heroes of the Long Saut."

(6) "Enfin, le cour les fit surmonter ce que leur peu d'expérience ne leur avoit pas acquis, si bien qu'ils arrivèrent au pieds du Long-Sault, où trouvant un petit fort sauvage nullement flanqué, entouré de méchants pieux qui ne valoient rien, commandé par un côteau voisin, i's se mirent dedans, n'ayant pas mieux."—*Histoire de Montréal* par M. Dollier de Casson, p. 144.

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(7) "The Dutch traders at Fort Orange (now Albany) had supplied the Iroquois with rearms."—Parkman's *Jesuits in North America*, p. 211.

(8) "Enfin ces âmes lâches au lieu de se sacrifier en braves soldats de J. C., abandonérent nos 17 François, sautant qui d'un côté, qui de l'autre, par-dessus les méchantes alissades."—*Dollier de Casson*, p. 147.

(9) "Ils avoient beau enrager; ils ne pouvoient se venger; c'est pourquoi ils dépurent un canot pour aller quérir 500 Guerriers qui étoient aux Isles de Richelieu, et qui s attendoient, afin d'emporter tout d'un coup ce qu'il y avait de François dans le Canada, de les abolir, ainsi qu'ils en avoient, conjuré la ruine."—*Dollier de asson*, p. 146.

(10) "Besides muskets, the French had heavy musketoons of large calibre, which, attering scraps of lead and iron among the throng of savages, often maimed several of em at one discharge."—Parkman's *Old Régime in Canada*, p. 79.

(11) Un de ces 40 Hurons nommé Louis arriva ici le 3 Juin tout effaré, et dit que nos 17 ançois étaient morts, mais qu'ils avoient tant tué de gens que les ennemis se servaient de rs corps pour monter et passer par-dessus les palissades du Fort où ils étaient.—*Dollier Casson*, p. 150.

(12) "On peut dire que ce grand combat a sauvé le pays, qui sans cela étoit raflé et rdu suivant là créance commune."—*Dollier de Casson*, p. 151."

"To the colony this glorious disaster proved a salvation. The Iroquois had had fighting ough. If seventeen Frenchmen, four Algonquins, and one Huron, behind a picket fence, ld hold seven hundred warriors at bay so long, what might they expect from many such, nting behind walls of stone?"—Parkman's *Old Régime in Canada*, p. 82.

"The self-devotedness of Daulac and his brave men was equal to a victory in its effects; the savage struck by the stout resistance they had met with, gave up all thought of king an attack they had planned on Quebec."—Garneau's *History of Canada*, vol. 1, 156 (Bell's Edit.)

"The Colony, in fact, was saved."—Miles' *History of Canada*, p. 53.